

The Collegian

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE

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TWENTY-FOURTH YEAR

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EDITORIALS

MR. WELLS AND JOURNALISM

MR. H. G. WELLS is now disowned by journalism. Says the New York Herald-Tribune:

"No one has had time to read all of the 800 pages which H. G. Wells has bound together in his latest novel, but a number of hasty critics have leaped to the adjective 'journalistic' to describe the method of his labor. . . . What these critics mean to imply is that Mr. Wells has applied a mass of superficial and newly acquired philosophy to a variety of perennial problems, the whole entertainingly and impudently presented. He does not bother to recant his earlier beliefs. He simply ignores them. And if he lives long enough he will some day pen a book ignoring these.

"We have no quarrel with the entertainment to be obtained from Mr. Wells. . . . Our disagreement is with the critics who think that such superficiality and irresponsibility are journalism. To find these qualities in newspapers one must descend to the lowest levels, the bad examples, that prove nothing about any art. True journalism is built upon a totally different foundation. It does not pretend to possess a complete philosophy or all the truth. It starts with the premise of speed, and it accepts the limitations necessarily imposed upon a contemporary record. But within those limits it pursues truth as steadfastly as any scientist working in a laboratory. The critic who does not know this has never worked on the news-gathering staff of a newspaper and has never had a chance to observe the integrity and fidelity to fact of the reporting craft.

"There is nothing superficial about such current records of events. They are complete and thorough, so far as contemporary eyes can observe. They are the enduring basis of all future history. The Wellsian quality of superficial inference and hasty generalization belongs in a totally different school of workmanship. With a lifetime before him and all the available facts about him, he prefers overconfident, half-baked generalizations to sound, steadfast debate that would be a real contribution to contemporary thought. The latter is the spirit of true journalism. The Wells of the present output belongs with the ephemeral purveyors of popu-

larized wisdom which every age possesses and which each succeeding age forgets."

This editorial is remarkable for two things: its correct analysis of Mr. Wells, and its amusingly idealistic but very incorrect analysis of journalism. The characteristics attributed to Mr. Wells do not make for journalism, to be sure, and the practice of designating all printed matter which doesn't measure up to the standards of literature as journalism has come to be very annoying indeed, but these facts are far from proving this self-eulogy of journalism. Journalism doesn't pursue truth as steadfastly as any scientist working in a laboratory, its record of events is not complete and thorough as far as contemporary eyes can observe, its record of events is not the enduring basis of all future history, and any one who believes that journalism is or does any of these things is still capable of believing that babies grow in cabbage patches.

DR. SUZZALO

THE papers announced recently that Dr. Suzzalo had resigned from the Presidency of the University of Washington at the request of the governor and the board of regents. Beyond a vague statement of the sympathy of the faculty and students with Dr. Suzzalo, the integrity and fidelity to fact of the journalistic gentry, mentioned elsewhere on this page, did not care to venture. We have it, though, that the trouble had its origin in the fact that a good number of the faculty were possessed of that liberal, not to say radical spirit not commonly relished by politicians, regents, and smug citizens who believe that all's right with the world. It seems that for some time Dr. Suzzalo had been between two fires: the politicians wanted to put a damper on the faculty's activities, and the faculty, by some means succeeded in resisting all efforts of the president to appease the politicians. For some little time things continued in this manner, and the University of Washington had perhaps a unique place among our state universities: it was the one and only where abject adulation of the existing order was not a guiding principle, and Dr. Suzzalo, by reason of his fence straddling proclivities, attained some reputation as a liberal genius. But it must not be thought that Dr. Suzzalo was merely a vacillating character; he wasn't. Under his direction the University flourished; he was a competent educator, and he was able to placate the contending forces in a manner that made for fairly smooth running, until, unfortunately, he became embroiled in some political opposition to the governor. It was decided by the governor, and by a group of regents very recently appointed by the governor, that Dr. Suzzalo was a pernicious influence on the minds of the innocent young.

Now our acquaintance with university regents is limited to one journalist who thinks that incontrovertible evidence of the Russian people's Oriental origin and bent of mind lies in their use of the abacus, and who points with pride to his own remarkable discovery that it would cost the people more money to keep public officials honest than to let them be dishonest, but we understand that a great many of these worthies are of the same intellectual calibre. Things are come to a sorry pass, indeed, when a group of such persons dictate the policy and method of our educational institutions, and reformers who are seeking to better our system of education would do well to start in by throwing such a system bag and baggage overboard.

SOME MORE LOST BOOKS

EVERY so often a group of self-styled scholars will find or pretend to find some lost books of the Bible. This is supposed to disrupt the scheme of religion, and shed new light on the character and teachings of Christ. The latest effort in this direction is from a group of French scholars, who, according to the press agent, have been rooting around in some of the Egyptian pyramids, and who have unearthed some well-preserved manuscripts. No critical scholar has taken the trouble to examine these books yet, but we are inclined to look askance at any project to which such originals as Dr. Frank Crane and The Nation lend their good offices.

—R. B. M.

THE OTHER SIDE

In one of the most interesting and enthusiastic sessions held in many months, the Student Body met on Friday, October 29, for the purpose of voting upon the amendment to the constitution to substitute the Knights of Saint Mary's for the Rally Committee. After an hour of heated discussion, in which the enthusiastic speakers appealed more to the emotions than to the intellects of those present, the amendment was decisively defeated.

While most of the students realize the need for a society such as the Knights, there were a few points in the amendment which were obviously not suited for a strictly student organization. It was these details that caused the strongest objections to the plan. However, the idea of the Knights should not be forgotten entirely. With a few minor changes the amendment could again be presented in a new form and accepted.

Although the amendment was defeated, a word should be said with regard to the attitude which most students took on the question. Due to the activities of certain over-enthusiastic temporary Knights in trying to round up a small group of students who did not have college spirit enough to attend yell practice of their own accord, the Knights as a whole were regarded as a group of so-called "pop heads" who were taking altogether too much authority upon themselves.

While the Knights were to be vested with certain powers to use whenever it might become necessary to maintain order at student affairs or around the campus, this particular duty was a very insignificant detail of the true Knights' work. However, those who did not fully understand what the society stood for and the purposes for which it was organized, without further thought, took the attitude mentioned above. Were this the sole purpose of the Knights they certainly deserved to be rejected, as Saint Mary's owes her progress and success to the honor system and the wonderful spirit of her students and graduates, rather than to any methods of force. But the Knights were to serve a much higher and better purpose, and for this reason should be given a fair trial.

The meeting itself was the most successful that has been conducted this term, as it brought every member present to the realization that it takes interest and action on the part of each individual student to make the Student Body function properly on matters that are vitally necessary to the progress of the college.

—R. F. F.

THE BARBER OF SEVILLE

THERE were few figures in the literature of France during the eighteenth century as interesting as Beaumarchais. His real name was Pierre Augustine Caron, but his marriage to the widow of a court-official of Louis XVI brought him the name of Beaumarchais and considerable property. His father was a watchmaker, and it was through this occupation that he first came to the notice of the King, being called to examine the watch of Madame Pompadour. In the astonishing activity of his career he is an eighteenth century Cellini; like Cellini he was a man of many occupations, equally resourceful in them all. None were better aware of their abilities than Beaumarchais. United with a never-failing alertness and buoyancy in the face of obstacles, he possessed a Cellini-like daring and confidence in himself that may be hardly matched in his century.

The "Barber of Seville," the most famous work of Beaumarchais is the story of the triumph of youth and love. A certain Duke of Almaviva is in love with Rosine and ward of Bartholo, a jealous physician who intends to force the beautiful young lady to wed him. The play is the record of the struggle of the two lovers, who both plot and plan to win the precious Rosine. The "woman in the case" is kept, closely guarded in the home of the physician. The Count however is able to come in contact with the lady through the maneuvers of one Figaro, the attendant of the physician, and the "Barber of Seville." Figaro furnishes the comedy of the drama. Rosine falls in love with the young Count, and, as in all romances, he triumphs over the villainous Bartholo and marries the prize in the physician's own house.

No, the barber-shops of Seville in those days were not designated by striped poles. Figaro, the "Barber of Seville" himself, gives us a description of his shop when he says: "My shop is a few steps away; 'tis painted blue, has leaden window-frames, three cups on the air, an eye in a hand, with a motto, 'Cosilio manue.' " Figaro is the big character of Beaumarchais' play; he is the main spring of the whole comedy; he is a philosopher, a reasoner who laughs at everything for fear that he might have to weep; he is a little of Gil Blas, he is Beaumarchais himself, the pleyer of trades and the personification of gaiety. Valet, poet and dramatist, he displays all of Beaumarchais' smiling bravely and surprising alertness in the face of misfortune. Rosine deserves remark for a most curious combination of the extreme sensibility of the period and the clever cunning of Figaro.

The initial presentation of the Barber of Seville caused quite a commotion in the dramatic world due to certain unexpected and daring innovations in the piece. In the first place, the employment of prose instead of verse in the comedy, which has continued almost without exception to the present day, excited the displeasure of the critics. Again, Beaumarchais had broken the shackles of the simpler classic comedy, and had given his fancy freer reign in the creation of situation and the development of intrigue. Besides this he also modified the treatment of character. The classic comedy presented certain general types which were brought forward again and again on the stage, with no development in psychology and only occasional changes in costume. By this time they had become mere abstractions galvanized into artificial life. Beaumarchais saw clearly that something new must be infused into the treatment of character in order to arrest the rapidly approaching decay of comedy, and to this end he added, in "The Barber of Seville," the study of manners. The psychology of his characters is somewhat crude; they still possess many of the traits distinctive of the old classic types. But underneath the old spell, they all show a personal spirit which is entirely new.

The popularity of "The Barber of Seville," is not due to the originality in the choice of subject, but rather to its infusion with a new life. It originated in antiquity and was used a century before by Moliere and Regnard. It is the compelling interest of the play that is aroused in us, coupled with the wit and style that makes us forget the age of the subject. The piece displays what may be termed "dramatic intuition," in the clever arrangement of effective situations and charming tableaux. Again, the jaded interest of the eighteenth century audience was excited by the author's personal references to the world and society, at a time when such references were, to say the least, risky.

It was the genius of Giovanni Paisiello that first recognized the possibilities of the comedy as a motive for opera. He had been invited to St. Petersburg by the Empress Catherine, in 1776, and it is very probable that here he composed the opera based on Beaumarchais' "Barber of Seville." Thirty or forty years later another operatic version was put on the stage by Rossini, who used the original libretto of Paisiello. After a few performances the piece became a general favorite and to the present day this opera of Rossini, at first known as "Almaviva," is one of the most popular of our operas. The original work of Paisiello has been since forgotten and all that remains of the work of the great Italian who discovered the capabilities of Beaumarchais' play as an opera, are the Libretto and the title; these are both found in the modern adoption of Rossini's version of "The Barber of Seville."

—RAYMOND J. ARATA, '28.

DIXIE LAND

MR. SAMUEL SONDERS was leaning against a lamp-post in the large New York subway, whistling "Dixie Land." It was an ideal day to practice his "handy" trade of surreptitiously relieving citizens of their coin and valuables.

The noon-day crowd increased every minute and only one policeman patrolled the entire subway. The "dip's" trained eyes singled out the unfortunate pedestrian who was to be honored by his attention. The victim was a yokel pure and simple, with emphasis on "simple." At the present time he was sun-burning his tonsils gazing at New York's sky-line. He wore a flaming red necktie large enough to make three Russian flags. In a very unconcerned manner and with the steps of an elusive backfield man, Sam trickled through the onrushing mass of humanity up to his objective. An accidental bump and the trick was turned.

Only a watchful eye could have detected the transfer of a wallet at that moment. Sergeant O'Leary qualified. The "dip" slipped from the crowd a few minutes later. Oof! He struck a solid body, covered with a blue uniform, brass buttons, and a shiny metal object of astral formation fastened on a broad chest. Sam lifted his eyes and his heart sank.

"If I'm not mistaken," snapped the officer, "you are indebted to that old farmer for a healthy wallet."

Sam simultaneously looked insulted and for help. Dame Fortune didn't smile on Sam, she burst out laughing. A few paces off stood "Nifty" Wells, a member of the same brotherhood as Sam, calmly watching the matter.

"Don't stall," bellowed the policeman, "or I'll pick you up by the heels and shake it out of you!" He was big enough to do it, too.

Now here is where Dame Fortune trips in. At the moment he started to carry out his threat two taxi cabs crashed into each other in back of the officer. Momentarily he turned to view the collision. In this case a moment was too long. Sam quickly drew the wallet and tossed it to "Nifty." Wells caught it and skipped away. The guardian of the law wheeled around. He searched the artful dodger from top to toe and to his utter disgust and Sam's inward enjoyment found many things, but no wallet. The astonished policeman was under the painful necessity of admitting defeat.

"Well, are you satisfied?" grinned Samuel. "You ought to know better than to suspect an honest law-abiding citizen like me. I steal! Say, they threw me off the baseball team because I refused to steal second."

After he had indulged in this short, self-eulogy, Sam straightened his tie, tilted his cap to the side, thrust his hands in his pockets, gave a last darting look at the officer and sauntered off. These words and actions had the same effect on the policeman as a red flag waved before a bull. Sam could see him boil, so he quickened his step in order to be absent when the Sergeant's rage would overflow and scald everyone around.

That afternoon Mr. Samuel Sonders strolled into a saloon and bumped into Wells, who was coming out.

"Say, 'Nifty,'" inquired Sam, "got my wallet?"

"Yours! When you tossed it to me it ceased to have family relations with you," snapped Wells.

"Let's be fair, 'Nifty,'" pleaded Sam. "I'll give you half for helping me out, that's even enough."

"Give me the lowdown when you're tossing wallets

around again," sneered Wells, "I never fumble, you know."

"You mean to tell me you are going to skip with the while boodle and not even split?"

"I'm going to split your head if you don't get out of my way. I'm bound for 'Connie' and a good time." Glancing at his watch as he strode out mimicking Sam's whistling favorite, "Dixie Land." There were two things dear to "Nifty" in this world. His valuable gold watch was both of them. All through his rather shady and checkered career he had looked upon it as a charm. A Hindu had given it to him and put a good luck charm on it to be broken when some one else gained possession of it. The luck then transferring to the next man. Sam knew about the good luck charm and attributed his ill luck in this affair to it.

Having listened to Wells give him a piece of his mind and none of the wallet, the crestfallen Sam, by compressing a portion of his arm between his forefinger and thumb, effectually roused himself from his upper stupefaction. Walking over to the bar he quietly requested to be informed why he had ever been born. After a few glasses of wine Sam didn't feel so bad.

Late that evening found Sam walking down Broadway. He stopped short. His heart flew to his mouth so suddenly that if he had not clenched his teeth he would have lost it. Down the street came "Nifty" Wells escorted by two officers, on his friend of the subway, Sergeant O'Leary.

"What's he being cooped up for?" snickered Sonders, running up to them.

O'Leary smiled. "He turned the trick I thought you did this morning. You see we're wiping out some of our pickpockets in the subway, so we baited up a stupid looking yokel to pose around with a wallet full of marked bills. We landed this boy passing them over at 'Connie' tonight. I'm sorry I caused you some discomfort by searching you this morning."

"No trouble at all," said Sam with meaning, "in fact I really like to recount the fact, it was so odd—and so close," finished Sonders under his breath.

Sam walked up to Wells. Bumped into him smiling similar to the way he had bumped into the farmer in the morning.

"'Nifty,' that was mighty nice of you," he hissed sarcastically, "if you want to catch anymore marked bills give me the lowdown, will you?"

Wells was so angry that words failed him. His face was purple and his features contorted. He made a lunge at Sam but he forgot that he had two officers handcuffed to him. They dragged him to his feet and were off to the station house with "Nifty" trying to explain something they would not believe.

Sam went gaily down the street whistling "Dixie Land." He turned the corner and drew from his pocket an article. He had "lifted" "Nifty's" watch!

—JOSEPH F. CLAUSE, '30.

NOVELS AND NOVELISTS OF CALIFORNIA

IF THE FATES had so decreed that I should have been a citizen of another State, such as Iowa or Nevada or Florida, my present task would indeed be light, presuming it to be the same in relation to my place of residence, for California is singularly blessed in having a long and brilliant array of fiction writers, while most other States can boast of no such literary wealth, deeming themselves fortunate if they can but produce one author capable of making a place for himself in the field of letters. The reason for the literary output of California is both historical and geographical. The events preceding, during and immediately following the gold rush have proved to be an inexhaustible source of material for writers. The life of the pioneer is always adventurous and romantic, and was doubly so in the days of "Forty-nine." The Spanish Conquest, the Missions and picturesque San Francisco itself are other sources and inspirations that have proven to be well worth writing about. The geographical advantages of California even in a literary way, have been so often and aptly described and displayed by enthusiastic realtors that I think it unnecessary to deal with them. Suffice it to say that to her situation California owes much literary as well as commercial success. In dealing with a subject of this sort, it is always customary to proceed in chronological order so that rival authors

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Books

MARK AIKIN

FAR END

May Sinclair. Macmillan, N. Y., 1926

An old, old story is the theme of May Sinclair's new book. It is the tale of a faithless husband, the eternal triangle, and a forgiving wife. The story opens with the Great War, when Hilda and Kit, newly married, are separated for the first time. Kit, or Christopher Vivart, is a charming fellow—in some respects rather too charming. By profession, he is a writer of fiction, and when the war is over, and he returns to his task, little Hilda is found no longer able to type his manuscripts. She must attend the baby. So Kit engages a stenographer, who in turn engages Kit, and thereby hangs the tale. Throughout the ordeal, Hilda displays great tact—her love for the children, and her high sense of honor withholding her from divorce. In the end, everything develops happily, but only after Kit has conceived a platonic affection for a certain Mrs. Templeton, which to Hilda's sensitive mind proved a deal more trying than his former misconduct.

Miss Sinclair proves her worth in the handling of this story. She is a realist par-excellence, but it is precisely because of this that she is able to deal so effectively with her characters. She is neither too sentimental, nor too rational. The bits of philosophy which she puts into the various mouths are readily associated with the types of people they represent. Only Mrs. Templeton, when speaking with Kit, waxes eloquent about her idea of ultimate reality. For it must be remembered that the author is something of a philosopher, as well as a novelist.

It is interesting to note how, in the short space of two hundred pages, a story of deftly finished detail is worked out. Miss Sinclair's secret seems to be a formula of simplicity and elimination. None but the important actors are introduced, while the sub-characters remain just within the shade of vision. So *Far End*, in spite of its theme, which is literally "run off the board," is a novel above the ordinary.

ODTAA

John Masfield. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd. London, 1926.

When a poet takes to writing fiction, one wonders how far the Muse will give place to the teller of tales. Certainly, John Masfield is a poet, and in spite of "Sard Harker," he remains a poet, first and last. His latest attempt in the world of story, "Odttaa," is a peculiar creation,—one which seems not likely to take the reading public by storm. It is an imaginative novel, in the sense that poets are imaginative, relying little upon plot, and greatly upon a series of episodes which are worked out after the manner of the picaresque.

Highworth Riddens, or Hi as he is called, is an English youth of eighteen who sets out to make his way in the world, arriving sometime in the 80's at the fanciful country of Santa Barbara. Scarce three days has he been ashore, when he finds himself in a revolution which is brewing, meets a girl of whom he becomes enamored, braves al-

most incredible perils for her sake, and finally, after failing in her rescue, flees the country. But he returns, and "a la English," achieves wonders. Such is the story—the kind that would keep brother up all night in a fever of excitement, but which, it is to be feared, may nauseate the more matured readers who are unaccustomed to the risings in the epiglottis, occasioned by the excess of violent escapades.

It seems that Mr. Masfield, when he took pen in hand, had but one idea,—the vision of a colossal melodrama, terrible and bloody. The tale rambles along, streaming with threads of unfinished sub-plots, and dragging all sorts of nobodies with it. In the end, there is an unexpected array of letters and poems, supposedly written by the characters, and intended to explain all that has befallen them during the course of the narration. Thus all curiosity is allayed, even though the reader is no longer piqued to know the details.

Yet the book is not without some redeeming quality, for Mr. Masfield's poetry has full play in description. Jungles and tropical places become real under his magic touch, and the reader is led to conjure up scores of scenes, sublimer than anything he may hope ever to see.

THE GENESIS OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE U. S. A.

Breckinridge Long. Macmillan, N. Y. 1926—\$2.50

Mr. Long, one-time Secretary of State under President Wilson, has produced a volume which will interest every student of American Government. His views, while not essentially different from those of other writers, are sparklingly clear and emphatic. He has made an earnest attempt to trace the Constitution to definite roots, either in all, or several of the Colonies. The document framed in 1787, he points out, was a composite of the systems which had heretofore existed in the Colonies, added to which was the vitalizing idea of independence. From the time of their foundation, the Colonies had continued commonly dependent upon the British crown. They were distinct from one another, it is true, but were by no means sovereign.

Mr. Long attaches great importance to the Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, which were adopted in 1639, and holds them up as an example of a political Constitution at that early period. He does not consider as important evidence, however, those free institutions which existed early, but which were not the product of voluntarily written documents. Of the Virginia charter, granted in 1609, he says, "it has a place in history, but deserves none in government." In spite of clamorous opposition, he claims that the third charter, granted in 1612, is "unimportant, except that it was under its operation that representative government in America was first known."

We have a clue to better understanding of the book when it is known that Mr. Long is of the modern, liberal school of historians, who hold that the life of the Constitution, and its symbolism of free government is due to

the independent character of the American pioneers in all the Colonies.

—M. A.

EAST OF MANSION HOUSE

Thomas Burke. Geo. H. Doran Co. New York, 1926

There are many great short story writers today. England, no doubt, has her fair share of them; no doubt, also, Thomas Burke ranks high among them; but in my humble library, I doubt if he will ever obtain a place. True, it is unfair to condemn a man on the reading of but one of his books; I have heard that his past performances approach the classic; I know he is very popular; but an antipathy has been created and he must travel far before it can be overcome. The short story is the sonnet of prose, the carved heads on cherry stones. It should be a cameo, Burke gives us a photograph. We should, when finished, be able to exclaim, "Exquisite!" We do say, "Rough!"

"East of Mansion House," as the name indicates, "for those who know," locates its anecdotes in the Limehouse—that section of England's metropolis made known to us in previous works by this author. Hmmm—returning to the scene of his early triumphs. I wonder what this portends. However, Burke knows his London, he has captured something of the atmosphere of another "Barbary Coast," he has a style of his own, and he can handle a plot. But his characters are not lovable—nor hateable; we do not care whether they are killed or wounded or what. His poor are not sweet in adversity. Here and there we have direct hit, the story-teller make a touchdown, as on the occasion when he describes the group that "wore the haggard, bulldog look of those who are out for a Good Time, and are going to have it." There are many other good

points about the collection, but I will not damn by faint praise, the best thing to do is to obtain the book and read it yourself. "For distilled books are like common distilled water, flashy things."

THE ROAD

Hilaire Belloc

It seems strange that a student, knowing nothing of roads, should attempt to criticize a work on such a topic. However, this is not as presumptuous as it may appear—Belloc, also, knows little of the technicalities. So, when something is written by one who compresses such romance, such joy of living, such hatred of sham and pedantry into his works, it is sufficient recommendation to simply mention the publishing and anticipate enjoyment. Our expectations are certainly realized.

Leaving aside for the moment that biting satire of his (even the characteristics thrust at attorneys), Belloc dons the garb of the teacher—and how it fits him! Proceeding logically from a sound knowledge of history and human behavior, he builds up a system that can be ignored but will not be refuted. The essay provides wonderful material for the one who loves to outline whatever he reads; for the one who enjoys studying the past, its perusal is positive pleasure. It broadens and deepens our knowledge of subjects that are seldom treated in the text book. And through it all, enlivening the entire work—perhaps carried over from his past works, perhaps a figment of the imagination,—runs that undercurrent of humor, that constant, bubbling mirth, inevitable in the writings of the inimitable Hilaire. Then, finally, and most important of all from our viewpoint as students, "The Road" stimulates active research—if this is the system of paths and highways in

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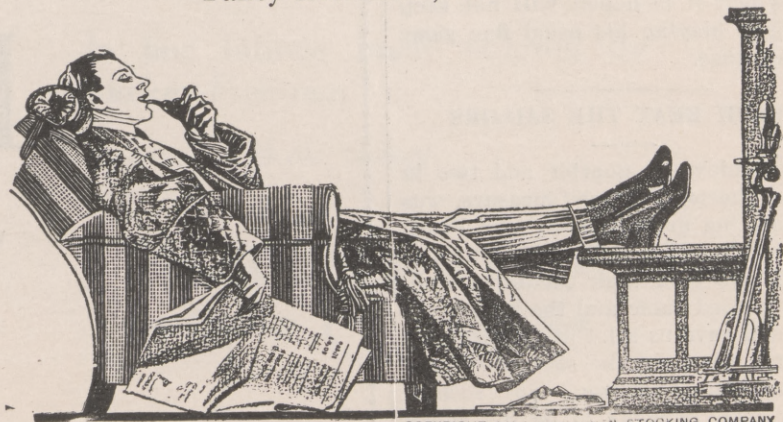
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Sports



RAYMOND J. ARATA, Editor

SAINTS 13—NEVADA 0

By GEO. DE LEW,
Special Staff Correspondent for
"The Collegian"

RENO, Nev., Nov. 23.—The Strolling Saints of Oakland went hunting Wolves a few days ago and came back with another pelt to nail up on the barn door. Though the altitude and heat were against our men they acquitted themselves with all the honors that may be expected. Featuring as the main event of a monster Home-coming Day celebration the Wolf Pack were instilled with a spirit of fight that was superior to any heretofore displayed by them. They were out to win and had a backing of the largest and most colorful crowd ever to witness an event in Mackay Field. But, though in the first half they battled as only Wolves can, their stamina failed them in the second half with the result that the ball was almost entirely in their territory. It was in this quarter that a long pass from Rooney to Underhill gave the Saints their first chance to score a touchdown. But the forward wall of "The Pack" stiffened and the Saints were forced to pass. It was incomplete over the goal line and Nevada took the ball on their own 20-yard line and kicked out of danger.

Late in the third quarter Captain Allen of Nevada on the fourth down fumbled a bad pass from center. This gave the Saints the opportunity they had been looking for and in a few minutes "Little Annie Rooney" with the ball tucked nicely under one arm galloped through the whole pack of wolves without even being bitten, and planted the oval over the line for our first score. After that the Wolves seemed to go to pieces only to fight back on their own 5-yard line, after the Saints had worked the ball up from mid-field. At this point the Wolves started an offensive that brought them for the first time into St. Mary's territory, however they were stopped on our 30-yard line. The Saints then took the ball and displayed the fight that has made them the premier team on the coast. Working the ball right down to the goal line by means of the famous Rooney to Underhill pass, Sparky Farrell bucked it over. "Red" Watson kicked the goal. The game ended shortly after with St. Mary's on the long end of a 13 to 0 score.

As usual Rooney and Underhill starred together with Bettencourt and Watson, though late in the fourth quarter Larry was taken out because of an injury which it is hoped will not keep him from playing his usual fine game in the future.

FROSH BEAT THE SAILORS

A touchdown a quarter and two in the last quarter, for good measure, was the medicine prescribed by our Frosh team for the Mare Island sailors; and the Middies took their medicine well. It was a good game and the boys from the island gave us a lot of competition. The only thorn in the side of victory was that Tim Corrigan, our former varsity star, happens to be the coach

of the sailors. It was rather difficult to pull against "Tim" when, heretofore, we had always cheered him on to victory.

The game got off to a snappy start and before the quarter was over the Saints had a tally to their credit. It all happened when Bogan hurled a long pass to Sam Illia, who made a sensational catch and ran for a touchdown. Pitchford then converted, making the score 7-0 in our favor.

Towards the close of the second

quarter, another pass, Seamus to McCaffery netted a second touchdown. At the half, both of the Frosh ends had a touchdown to their credit.

The third quarter found our team full of new vigor and it was not long until Bogan broke away from the Islanders and ran 70 yards to a touchdown. Pitchford converted and the score read 20 to 6, for the Sailors had made a touchdown in the meantime. Bogan was cheated out of another touchdown in this period of the game,

when he ran 80 yards, but was called back, when the team was declared off side.

In the fourth quarter of the game, McCaffery blocked a pass deep in the Sailors' territory and Saint Mary's was given possession of the ball. Seamus crashed through tackle for another score. Then, on the Sailors kick-off, Pitchford caught the ball on his own 2 yard line and zigzagged down the field 98 yards to a touchdown. The interference on the part of his team

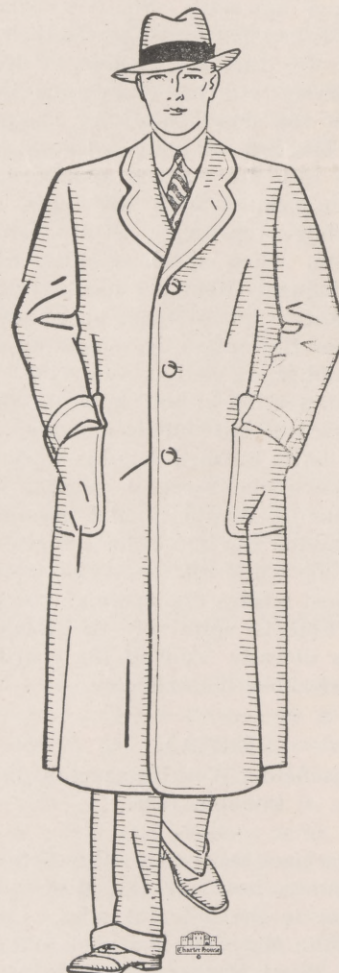
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mates made this run possible. This was the final tally of the contest, and when the game was over, it found Saint Mary's Frosh on the long side of a 32 to 6 score.

It would be difficult to pick an individual star of the game, because every man displayed fine football ability. Illia and McCaffery played a consistent game at end and each hung up a touchdown for himself. Duffy substituted at end in the last period of the game and proved effective.

Ackerman and Sperbeck showed the fans what real tackles should do, while Ackerman, also, displayed an educated toe in the kick-offs. Martin did some fine work, when sent in as a relief. Many a play was stopped by Jacobs and Magoon, when the Sailors tried to pierce the line through tackle for gains. Their offensive work was as conspicuous as their defensive work. "Moon" Razzetto and "Bunny" Higgins duplicated the performance at this position, when called upon to strut their stuff. Segetti, who held down the position at center, gave evidence of being another "Betsy" Bettencourt in a year or two.

The backfield looked like a second "Four Horsemen." "Mike" Haley displayed fine class at calling signals as did Siegel. Captain Pitchford distinguished himself at fullback as a ball carrier and secondary defense man.



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Hight relieved him in the latter part of the game and played well. Bogan and Seamus were remarkable at left half and attracted the notice of every spectator. At right half Scarlett and Penetetti did some nice work. Scarlett verified the report that football players run in their family.

The Frosh showed the fans that Saint Mary's has produced a wonderful Freshmen team for its first attempt and that it has fine material for its future varsity squads. There were still a number of good players on the bench that could have been brought in to play had it been necessary. This proves that we have a capable number of men for the varsity next year. The team and Louis "Dutch" Conlan, the coach, are worthy of the highest commendation and deserve the support of every student.—E. S.

OLYMPIANS SUCCUMB TO SAINTS

"Slip" Madigan's "Gallopers," as one ingenious member of the press has termed them, participated in joyful festivities at Ewing Field on October 31. They celebrated their homecoming from Nevada and their subsequent exportation to Spokane and way points by defeating the Club Men 21-0. As has been the case in their last three encounters, the Saints did not show much in the first half, but speeded up their attack in the second half to win by a comfortable margin.

The Olympians have improved greatly since their contest with the Bears, who defeated them 32-0. Since that time they have held Stanford 7-3, and only a week ago last Sunday they held the fastly improving Santa Clara Broncos to a 13-0 score; at that, the Broncos made their two touchdowns in the last few minutes of play.

The Varsity scored the first touchdown of the game through the medium of a long pass, Farrell to Merrick, a short pass, Merrick to Farrell, and then a series of line bucks; Jack Merrick carried the ball over for the score. Watson converted. "Red" saw quite a bit of action in the kicking end of the game Sunday; he made two attempts at field-goals, both at a distance of about twenty-five yards, but failed in both by inches. He kicked three pretty goals after touchdown; Laranetta would have given his left leg to be able to kick two like them against Stanford, or even one. The second touchdown, which came late in the third period, was the result of a spectacular forty yard pass, Underhill to Collins. Al fumbled the ball when he was tackled and Frankian, after a wild scuffle, picked it up and ran twelve yards to the goal line. The final score of the game was made by Underhill, who crashed through the line for the necessary three yards. The march that resulted in the last score was started by Jim Underhill when he intercepted a pass from Altaffer on the Olympic Club's thirty yard line. "Toots" Kasper and "Cowboy" Smith also made the touchdown possible.

For the first time this year, with the exception of the Nevada game, forward passing proved to be the most effective form of attack employed by Madigan's men. Heretofore the Saints have been able to fare well enough by using off-tackle plays, end-runs and line bucks;

but when these failed, passes were the only things to fall back on, needless to say, they worked. One pass especially, a long one from Underhill to Smith, who speeded out past the safety man to catch it, looked like a potential touchdown play, though it failed.

In the absence of Larry Bettencourt, who sat on the bench because of injuries, Ray Knowles played a hard and steady game in the center of the line. Captain "Al" Collins, Homer Hicks, "Red" Watson and "Clubber" Tobin performed well in the forward wall, while Jim Underhill, Jack Merrick and "Cowboy" Smith stood out among the backfield performers. Altaffer and

Watkins played good ball for the Clubmen.

The following sentence taken from one of the daily papers summarizes the game in a fine manner. "The Saints were clearly superior in every department of play and merely added testimonials to their status as one of the outstanding elevens on the Pacific Coast."

With Joe Rooney, Jack Merrick, Gus O'Gorman, Boyd Smith and Gayle Johnson performing in the backfield Saturday, things looked extremely bright for next year's team.



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BASKETBALL

Now that the football season is in full swing, having passed the half-way point, it is about time that some thought should be given to the basketball season which is to begin some time in January. Heretofore the teams have never started practice until after Christmas. Even then the number of new candidates and the necessity of weeding out the promising material from the "not-so-promising" has invariably delayed beneficial practice for two weeks, in the least. Due to this fact the Saints have played the first games of their basketball schedule before they were really organized as a team; California has generally been the second game of the season, thus the Saint Mary's varsity has always been handicapped whenever they coped with the Bears on the court. This year, however, the Athletic Administration intends to start early and be prepared when the time comes for action.

Varsity basketball will probably have its launching some time early in November. Since we have already entered into the eleventh month of the year, the student body can expect an announcement concerning the "bucket-throwers," almost any day. Already several of the letter-men have started to work out the kinks and sharpen their eyes. The gymnasium has been prepared for action, which is another indication of the proximity of the cage sports debut.

At the present time conditions point to a successful basketball season as far as Saint Mary's is concerned. Graduation's toll from last year's squad was slight, causing the loss of only three men. Although "Dutch" Conlan, "Flash" Lawless and "Albie" Farrell were three of the greatest players to ever represent the Saints, there is some consolation in the fact that seven of last year's squad are on hand and "wild to go." Captain Jim Underhill is expected to have his best basketball year this season; right now "Jimmie" has his hands full with his work on the gridiron but as soon as the mole-skins have been cast aside we can count on him to don the basketball togs and lead the boys on to a victorious season. Of the veteran forwards on hand this year, we have "Nibs" Tazer, "Fairy" Linares and "Strawberry" Rooney. The guards from last year are "Iron Horse" Lein and "Ooty" Johnson; while "Cotton-tail" Bill is just raring to go at center.

Aside from those members who are on hand from last year's varsity there is some excellent material coming up from last year's Freshman team. Among the men from whom much is expected in this group are "Get Hot" Skarich, "Jo-Jo" Cunningham and "Heinie" Driscoll.

All in all, prospects are exceedingly bright for the coming basketball season. Unlike last year, "Slip" Madigan will be through with football at the end of November so that he will be able to get in his "licks" early.

CLIFF DWELLERS ROUT COMMUTERS

The Cliff Dwellers of Saint Mary's once more proved their superiority over the Commuters in their annual grid meet, downing the San Francisco team by the score of 21 to 7. It wasn't until the last of the second quarter, however, that the victors were able to pierce the comparatively light line of the Seagull Varsity when Heinze broke through for a touchdown after Thomas had recovered Smith's fumble. In the third quarter the transbay team opened up with long runs by Smith and Dennis, but the failure of the line to hold the charging Stair Climbers resulted in the loss of the ball on downs. After the ball had been advanced to the Commuters' five-yard line, O'Keefe plunged over for the winners' second touchdown. Towards the end of the third period the Dwellers made their last score. When three attempts to crash through center failed on the losers' one-yard line, Freitas ran across the goal line on a well executed off-tackle play.

In the final quarter the Commuters' fast backfield broke away for substantial gains and finally surprised the spectators with an aerial attack that accounted for the losers' lone tally. De la Guardia received Smith's toss over center, went through the secondary defense and ran fifty yards to the goal line, the game ending immediately after with the teams in the midfield. Mullany and Smith in the backfield and Connolly, center, starred for the San Francisco team while the work of Heinze and O'Keefe was largely responsible for the Dwellers' win.

Last year the Cliff Dwellers managed to win two from the Commuters but fared not so easily against the strong team from the Deaf and Dumb Institute, losing 13 to 0. Quarterback Heinze attributes this defeat to the fact that the mutes could not hear what the Stair Climbers were doing. However, they are out for a clean sweep this season. They play the Kentfield Fire Department who also defeated them last year to the tune of 7 to 0. This game proved to be quite a fracas with Rogers, diminutive tackle, staging an argument with one of the fire-fighters. Heinze is angling for games with the Bay View Athletic Club and the Tearing Tigers of San Francisco.

The lineup:

The Commuters—Lang, R.E.; E. Mullany, L.T.; J. Mullany, L.G.; Connolly, C.; Finnegan, R.G.; Roddy, R. T.; la Guardia, R.E.; Mullany, Q.; McArdle, L.H.; Dennis, R.H.; J. Smith, F.

The Cliff Dwellers—Bertain, R.E.; Rogers, R.T.; Roumage, R.G.; Schweinitzer, C.; Pistochini, L.G.; McDermott, L.T.; Thomas, L.E.; Heinze, Q.; Freitas, R.H.; Jennings, L.H.; O'Keefe, F.

—G. W. C.

SAINT FROSH WHITEWASH CAL GOOFS

Coach "Dutch" Conlan took his yearlings out to the Memorial Stadium on October 23 and emulated the varsity's victory by swamping the Goofs 21 to 0. Conlan has at last whipped

his men into a team, showing all the power and brains that so characterizes the teams of Coach "Slip" Madigan. The game with the Goofs saw his men work with a solid front and although we might say that one or two men showed particular brilliance yet the credit for the victory is due to the team as a whole. The line was strong and particularly strong in both the tackles. Spearback proved himself to be a great offensive linesman.

The game was marked by Dick Scarlett's run. Snatching a pass out of the hands of one of the Goof potential receivers, he pulled a regular "cowboy" by galloping 97 yards to a touchdown. When Dick Scarlett intercepted the pass on his own two yard line and ran to a touchdown he probably made the longest run on the coast to date. Scarlett played a fine game at half and should make as enviable a record on the varsity as his brother. "Gook" Jacobs, by hounding the ball, managed to break through the line and snatch up a Cal Fumble on their own 25-yard line and the speedy line man was not caught until his cleats dug the turf behind the goal post. "Gook" Jacobs also played a whale of a game on the line, repeatedly busting up plays before they reached the line of scrimmage. Though light of stature, "Gook" bids fare to make a name for himself at Saint Mary's, that will eclipse his Fremont record of All City Guard.

Bogan made the third touchdown after the ball had been brought down the field on a series of line plays. The interference was good and the line outcharged the Goofs continually. Captain Pitchford played his usual steady game, backing up the line and tearing holes in the Goof forward wall.

He also was accountable for three of the twenty-one points scored. He place kicked every one of his attempts squarely between the poles for the emulation of "Red" Watson.

Coach "Dutch" Conlan and "Swede" Nelson deserve much credit for the manner in which the Frosh conducted themselves. —G. W. C.

THE A. P. G. U.

Last Wednesday evening the A. P. G. U. held its first semester initiation in which Clarence Leal, Bernard Sheridan, Francis Auger, George Clause, Arthur Sherry and M. Mullany were the candidates who became members of the only literary society that Saint Mary's boasts.

The initiation took place in the school building with a goodly number of members present, after which a banquet was served in the College dining hall.

The society was surprised, not to say pleased, to have at the initiation some of the old members, including Gerald Martin, who was President of the society last year, and Frank McCarthy, who graduated from the school of Arts and Letters in 1926. Mr. Martin commended the officers for the excellent manner in which they handled the initiation. President Carroll also extended a word of welcome and congratulations to the incoming candidates, and asked them to keep the spirit of the A. P. G. U. always in mind.

Immediately following the banquet, the society was entertained by the new members, who are talented in many lines, and who promise to become prominent in the affairs of the organization.

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On and Off Campus

COMMERCE CLUB SOON TO ANNOUNCE SOMETHING

Although we have not heard much of the Commerce Club lately, it is not because this club has not been doing anything. Just as things function in the world from which the club takes its name, things in the commerce club have been functioning. In the business world we will hear of some great building that is to be built, or some railroad that is to be built, or some great deal of like nature; and then we hear no more of it for some months. We often think that it has been forgotten, but this is not the case. During the time that we think it has been forgotten, this project is always receiving the finishing touches, and is being brought into reality by the master minds who are behind it.

It is the same case with the Commerce Club. While the club has been silent for the last few weeks, apparently dead to the rest of the school, it has not been dead for the president and those who are actively concerned with it. The plans of the club for the winter will materialize within the next few weeks, and then every one will know when the speakers will be here, what the topics will be, and who the principal speakers will be. The date of the trip over to the San Francisco mint has not been definitely decided upon, but as soon as the trip to the mint has been made, the time most suitable to all will be taken up by a trip of inspection of the Telephone Building in San Francisco. The next issue of the Collegian should contain a program of Commerce Club activities for the rest of this school year.

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THE CHARLEMAGNE CLUB

The Walhallabund, German division of the Charlemagne Club, held its first meeting in the club room Monday, October 25. Mr. Burns was chosen the chairman and Mr. Meyer secretary.

The origin of the name of the German division was explained by Mr. Lloyd who gave a short talk on German mythology in connection with Walhalla, the mythical castle of the gods, built for them by the giants. Mr. Spellman then recited a poem in German. Following this Mr. Woerner gave brief biological sketches of famous German artists, poets, philosophers and scientists, pictures of whom had been secured to decorate the walls of the club room. At subsequent meetings it is planned to discuss these figures one at a time and in more detail.

The meeting was adjourned after the rendition on the phonograph of a German student's song.

The French division of the club, "Les Boschien" met for the first time on Wednesday, October 27, in the club room. At this meeting Mr. Keller was chosen chairman and Mr. Augello secretary.

Brothers Pius and Jerome recited French poems and Mr. Biane related the history of Les Boschien, the name of the club. Mr. Keller then gave an interesting talk concerning the history of the French national anthem, "Les Marsiellaise," explaining the song, both in French and in English. Mr. Woerner explained something of the lives and chief claims to fame of various French literary and scientific men whose pictures decorated the walls of the club room.

Plans for future meetings were discussed and Mr. Keller mentioned the French Theatre in San Francisco, recommending to the members that if possible, they attend a play there. The meeting then adjourned.

The initial meetings of both the German and French divisions of the Charlemagne Club were highly successful and it is to be hoped that the members will derive considerable benefit as well as a great deal of pleasure from future meetings. For the initial success of the club, Mr. Woerner and Mr. Keller especially deserve the thanks of the members, as they both worked untiringly and spent a great deal of their time to insure the success of the club.

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CALIFORNIA NOVELISTS

(Continued from page 2)

may enjoy the benefits of competition in trying to see who can go back the farthest in history for a beginning. I think I have upheld this tradition insofar as I shall begin with Captain Derby, better known as "John Phoenix," one of the first men of letters this State inspired. Captain Derby was an engineer in the regular army stationed in California in the fifties. Despite his rank and position he freely and humorously ridiculed the army to which he belonged, in his writings.

He showed himself influenced by Dickens in that caricature and humor characterized his sketches of the army and the pioneers. He wrote under the name of "John Phoenix," and the work that contains his best efforts and has all the characteristics mentioned is the "Phoenixiana." Because of his priority in his field he deserves more attention than he has received.

Whatever may have been Captain Derby's ill luck in the way of publicity does not apply to the next man considered—Mark Twain. His name and fame speak for him far better than I could if I was so minded. Samuel Clemens owes the beginning of his career to his early life in the California gold fields and camps, the life that stimulated and inspired his genius so that we may claim him as a Californian. His first literary endeavors during the rough life he led among the pioneers later led to the development of great literary skill.

After Twain comes the king of California authors, the man regarded typical of the state, the Dr. Johnson, Poe and Carlyle of California. A dictator, a short-story writer and poet and a philosopher all rolled into one—Bret Harte. Harte was so thoroughly a Native Son that he never amounted to much after leaving the State that gave him fame, his later works were failures. Harte used California setting in all his good stories such as "The Luck

of Roaring Camp," "Bell-Ringer of Angel's," "In the Carquinez Woods," "The Calaveras Clarion," "Outcasts of Poker Flat," and many others. Like Clemens, Harte is so well known that he need not be dealt with in detail.

Passing on to later authors we have: the Norris family, particularly Frank Norris and his work, "The Octopus." This is a widely read book with an exclusive California and, for us, local setting. Charles Warren Stoddard has written a fine book about the Padres, and has also contributed some poetry with a native background. Gertrude Atherton is a prominent contemporary writer whose novel "Ancestors," is truly Californian and, like the "Octopus," is to a great extent, filled with local setting. Jack London gives variety to our line of writers, providing the elemental and primordial elements. Helen Hunt Jackson is famous for "Ramona," a wonderful tale of the California Missions. Then finally, Stevenson owes much of his "Treasure Island" material to a California sojourn and has written a collection of essays on California localities alone.

If modern writers are wanted, again the world turns to California. If one were to walk through Carmel and speak to the townsfolk, he would, upon investigation, discover himself hobnobbing with people whose names are appended to many modern novels. Of course the cultural capacity of many of these writers could not bear close scrutiny, yet they are in the public eye, and being all such loyal boosters, make their California residences widely known. Undoubtedly, through the process of evolution working in literature, California will continue to give the world great writers and increase its already glorious literary reputation in the future.

—ARTHUR H. SHERRY, '29.

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A PICTURE

Strange tales come from the South, often reeking with blood-shed and persecution. We seldom hear of Mexico, the land of living poetry, but ever of that Mexico which is sordid and vile.

Imagine, if you can, a plain stretching out on all sides to the level horizon, studded with cacti, and barren save for the dark herds of cattle grazing in the offing. Imagine, on that plain, a low, white cluster of dwellings, with a small church, not unlike our own Mission Carmel, shouldering above them. It is mid-afternoon. The pueblo sleeps, for it is the hour of siesta. Presently the bells of the little church call out: "Tan-tan-tan." A woman in a dark rebosa steals from an open doorway; then a peon, and several dusky Indian children, followed by other women. The bells grow discordant. From a far corner of the village, a procession is drawing near. In the rear are musicians—Indians with harp and flute, and we catch the strain of "La Golondrina" rising plaintively upon the air:

"Adonde ira veloz y fatigada,
La golondrina que de aqui se va?"

But our eyes are drawn to one woman. She is slight and stoical, and she carries the coffin of her dead child upon her head. "Mi Angelita," and with a wan smile she pauses that we may bless the blue-clad form, which wears a gilt crown, and clutches with rigid fingers, a cross. The group moves on,—barefoot Indian women, children, and simple men. They wander across the parched prairie to the distant campo santo. We see our last of them silhouetted far against the blue.

The bells let off, and we are alone with a sense that we have lived an eternal moment . . . And yet this is Mexico, Catholic Mexico, who smiles in the face of sorrow, and who is maligned for her faith in God!—M. A.

BROTHER RALPH

Brother Ralph, who has been associated with Saint Mary's College for the past twelve years, is enjoying a few days' rest. He held the office of Principal of the High School Department and subsequently that of Master of Discipline. At present he is the Director of the High School Department. Brother Ralph's dealings with the students have always won him a high place in their estimation and it is their earnest wish that he return soon, for his absence, though for a short time, is felt by all.

Drama

MONKEY BUSINESS

This department is barely able to present itself for public notice in this issue by reason of the sudden descent of a very unwelcome illness on the person of the editor. All of which contrived to allow us to speak of nothing other than a mere revue. This one is holding forth at the Columbia Theatre at quite a lively rate under the name of "Monkey Business," the animated quality of the piece being directly attributable to that well known vaudeville team of Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson.

If we were able to judge the revue from the point of view of the enthusiasm and the efforts of the two principals to please their audience we would feel capable of mentioning some pleasant things, but there seems to appear in the course of the revue some need for a disinterested hand, a director, to catch hold of the material and remove spots that are essentially ragged, and attempt to arrive at a sort of unified action to the whole process. While a great deal of the matter of the revue amounts to a collection of the "gags" that made Olson and Johnson a vaudeville hit, the laughs are still there even if they do amount to a crude satire. However, in the branching out process, there is much to be desired in the way of a smoothness, which, were it present, we fully believe would serve to emphasize whatever humor is attempted. The chorus and the songs leave much to be desired in the way of a finished product, but this we would excuse on the grounds of the experimental nature of the whole show. A rather nasal tenor and a thin prima donna seem out of place with all the activity going on around them, and the audience does not receive them any too gracefully; the reason for which may be attributed to two things. One reason may be that the songs they have as expressions of their art amount to little in the way of appeal, and the second reason may be the fact that the two singers seem to act like perfect strangers to each other, the lack of receptivity due to their very poor acting.

The act which seemed to cause the most general amusement happened to a burlesque acrobatic act. It was done by the "two Berry Brothers, Razz and Straw."

I. R. McVAY.

Alumni

SACRAMENTO UNIT

The reunion of the Sacramento unit of the Alumni Association will take place on the evening of Saturday, November 6. The reunion will be in the nature of a dinner which will be held at the Traveller's Hotel in Sacramento. The Sacramento unit will include the counties of Sacramento, Butte, Sutter, Colusa, Yolo, Placer, El Dorado and Yuba. Charles Deterding, '07, is chairman of the committee in charge, which committee includes Frank Michel, '00, Clifford Russel, '11, Giles Miller, '18, George Miller, '12, Albert Westlake, '25, Joseph Pendergast, '26, Peter Mitchell, Jr., '17, Morvin Nevis, '11 and Roy Nevis, '17. The committee has already done much in the obtaining of names of many of the Alumni and former students which were not listed on the Alumni rolls.

VALLEJO UNIT

The preliminary meeting of the Vallejo unit of the Alumni Association was held in the office of attorney Thomas Horan, '13, in Vallejo on the evening of October 26. The meeting was called by Timothy J. Canty, '26, Executive Secretary of the Alumni Association, for the purpose of organizing the alumni and former students residing in the counties of Solano, Napa and Contra Costa. Brother Agnon, who also attended the meeting, and Mr. Canty outlined the work which could be accomplished through the medium of the Vallejo unit and it was decided to hold a reunion dinner on the evening of Sunday, November 21. Thomas Horan, '13, was appointed chairman of a committee which was to make arrangements for the reunion, which committee includes John C. Parsons, '86, Charles McInnis, '15, Ray Lytle, '15, Patrick Lucey, '25, Eugene Boyle, '23, Ambrose Ryan, '24 and Albert Farrell, '26.

EDMOND V. COLLINS

Edmond V. Collins, '16, is the Northern California manager of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company and has offices in the Phelan Building, San Francisco. While at college "Ted" was a pitcher on the Phoenix.

EDWARD McGLADE

Edward M. McGlade, '16, recently moved to Seattle, Washington, where

he is situated with the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company being head of the Clerical Department in the northern district of the company. Ed likes his new home but longs to be back in sunny California to see the Saints perform on the gridiron.

EDWARD RICE

Edward Rice, '02 is manager and part owner of the company which recently took over the interests of the William Clough Company. Ed is president of the East Bay unit of the Alumni Association and was an active participant in the recent campaign for funds for the new St. Mary's.

ANDREW HARRINGTON

Andrew Harrington, '25, visited the college recently. "Bookie" is associated with the Detroit Baseball Club and has been playing for Toronto. In spite of minor injuries suffered in the training season, "Bookie" had a successful season and played in the Little Louisville, which was won by Toronto. While at St. Mary's, "Bookie" was a member of the Phoenix and is considered one of the best shortstops that ever played for the college.

BOOKS

(Continued from page 3)

England, upon what is that of our American communications based? Our roads have no such writer as Belloc to discuss them; we have only dry Commission Reports. Can we find, unaided, their romance? It surely is worth trying.

—F. P. B.

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